

... THE ...

Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xlii: 38.

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THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

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Roman Catholics and their conversion
to Evangelical Christianity.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE necessity of preaching the Gospel to the Roman Catholics is clearly seen in the article on the Virgin Mary which we publish this month. There is an object lesson which even the most careless Protestant cannot fail to see. As Dr. Farris points out in such a courteous manner, mariolatry has taken the place of Christianity in the Roman Catholic Church. The New Testament is almost silent regarding the Virgin Mary, while it is full of Christ, yet in the devotions and prayers of the Roman Church Mary is appealed to ten times more than the Saviour. Practically she is the saviour. Such teaching and practice cannot be called Christianity. Oh that Christian people in our country would see the necessity of making Christ known to the Roman Catholics as the only Saviour, the only Mediator between God and man. To know Him as the only true God and Saviour is life eternal. When the Roman Catholics know Him, like all Christians, they will not need the Virgin Mary or any human agency for their salvation. Christ is all in all, and as dear Father Chiniquy said before his death, He suffices for our salvation.

Miss Cusack's Books.

The Nun of Kenmare after she had become a Protestant in 1888 published several books relating to the differences between Protestantism and Romanism. Among them were her "Autobiography," which was published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; "Life Inside the Church of Rome," published by Dillingham & Co., New York; "What Rome Teaches," by Baker, Taylor & Co., New York; "The Story of My Life," published by Hodder & Stoughton, London, England; "The Black Pope," published by Marshall, Russell & Co., London. These books are still in print, and can be had at this office.

Miss Cusack was also the author of other works, such as "Convent Life" and the "Life of Cardinal Manning," etc., but these are out of print. Her books reached a large circulation in this country and in England and they will continue to be read by all who are interested in the subjects she discussed.

CHRIST'S MISSION DEBT.

Last month fifty dollars were received toward the reduction of the debt on Christ's Mission building. It would be a great blessing to the work if this debt could be paid this year. This could easily be done if all who are interested in the work would send a small contribution. Greater things could be accomplished in this work if the debt were paid. It is not pleasant to refer to this matter every month, and it is earnestly hoped the day will soon come when it will not be necessary. A debt hampers any Christian work, and from the peculiar nature of Christ's Mission it is desirable that it should be free from the necessity of an appeal for support. Let all the friends who can be as generous as their means will allow.

Need of Gospel Preaching.

The following letter was received by the Rev. James A. O'Connor, Pastor of Christ's Mission, after he had preached in the Lenox Presbyterian Church, West 139th street, New York, Sunday evening, June 25:

NEW YORK, June 27, 1899.

Rev. James A. O'Connor:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—It is only right that I should tell you, and I am sure you will believe me when I say to you that God Himself spoke through you in unusual power on Sabbath evening last at Lenox Church. Proofs soon came to me through different channels, and I am confident only eternity will reveal all. You made the "Way of Life" clear to even the boys and girls present. I know hungry souls were fed, and all that you said of the errors of Rome was in pitying love for the deluded ones. I only hope you may be called into many of our Protestant pulpits in the near future, for I know there is great need of just such teaching among us. There are great numbers even in our Protestant churches who can not confidently say "I know I am a Christian," and that because they do not plainly apprehend their own blood-bought position in Christ, and hence do not lay hold of and appropriate the promises. Such people are often doing much so-called church work. North-field teaching has done much to correct this, but much remains to be done yet.

I can only explain it by remembering that it is human nature to think we must somehow *earn, deserve* heaven—hence the constant struggle to try to *do*. This is, after all, the essence and spirit of Romanism, and the heart does not know liberty till it learns just to *take and rejoice!* That our heavenly Father may abundantly bless you is the heartfelt prayer of

Yours sincerely, J. V. B.

CHRIST'S MISSION SERVICES.

After the regular services in Christ's Mission there is always an after meeting which is some times more interesting than the formal preaching. On Sunday evening, July 2, in the absence of the organist, George Washington O'Connor, a lady who volunteered to play and lead the singing said after the service that she was from California, where a work like that of Christ's Mission was greatly needed. The arrogance of the priests in that State was insufferable; their political power was a menace to free government; they compelled their people to consider the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in preference to the welfare of the State; they intimidated many Protestants by their bold assertions and the solid front they presented at elections. By their unity of purpose, pursued with ceaseless, unholy zeal and indomitable energy, and accomplished by unscrupulous methods, they had acquired power and influence from which they could be dislodged only by the combined efforts of a united Protestantism. Many intelligent Catholics in California were indignant that their religion should be used as a cloak by wily politicians, but as long as the Church profited by the subservience of Protestants who sought public office or an increase of trade the remonstrances of these Catholics were unheeded. Hence there was a falling away from the Church, and if a work like that of Christ's Mission was established there many would learn the truth.

Pastor O'Connor told the lady that there was a Congregational minister in California who had been a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. Francis Watry, and if invited to take charge of such a work in that State he would accomplish much good. He is not only highly honored as a Protestant minister, but he has the confidence, respect and esteem

of the best Catholics in California. Such a man should be set apart for the special work of evangelizing the Roman Catholics. They would give him a hearing, and the truth of God would make them free. In all parts of the country there were former priests and learned converted Catholics in the ministry of various Protestant churches whose hearts burn with an ardent desire to preach the Gospel to their former brethren, and who by their knowledge of Romanism as a religious and political system could effectually meet the assumptions of the bishops and priests that they had a divine right to rule the bodies as well as the souls of the people that have had the misfortune of being brought up in the faith of Rome. Christian philanthropists could do no better work than to cooperate in establishing missions for the conversion of the Catholics who are becoming Americanized and who without a knowledge of evangelical Christianity are losing faith in all religion.

Two clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church who were present at this service on July 2, said the work of Christ's Mission was a most important one. It caused the Roman Catholics to think for themselves on religious questions; it helped priests to come out of Rome and be true to their conscientious convictions that their Church had erred in imposing doctrines which were not warranted by the Scriptures; and it gave them protection and a home while passing through the mental strain that was inevitable from the consideration of such doctrines and the teaching of the Bible. At such a crisis in life priests needed the counsel and support of those who had passed through similar experiences, and it was providential that an institution like Christ's Mission had been established to help those men.

One of the clergymen said that he was somewhat inclined to ritualism

thought the churches ought to receive and welcome the priests who leave the Church of Rome and help them to establish congregations of converted Catholics that would preserve some of the forms and ceremonies of the old church. Thus the Roman Church would be reformed from within. To this the reply was made that all attempts of this kind had failed. Rome could not be reformed, the priests and the people must come out of her and be separate from all that is distinctive in her doctrines and practices. As a matter of fact they were leaving her in large numbers and uniting with the various Protestant churches. Freedom of choice must be allowed in this matter, and the conversions to be genuine should not be forced. The other clergyman agreed with this, and said the best thing that American Protestants of all denominations could do would be to support an institution like Christ's Mission where the essential truths of Christianity were presented in their fullness and simplicity.

A PRIEST'S LETTER.

Protestantism is Christianity.

The word "Protestant" is not used in the United States as generally as in England, Germany and other countries where it has the same meaning as "Christian." Here there has been little controversy on the great questions that were discussed at the Reformation, but in Europe the battle has continued and will continue while there is a contest between truth and error, between right and wrong.

Roman Catholics and ritualists attach a one-sided meaning to the word that expresses only half the truth. Whenever we use the term it is always as a witness for the truth against error, and in this sense it is generally accepted by Christians who profess the evangelical

faith. The priests who come to us for conference and counsel are prejudiced against Protestantism, but when we explain that the word means Christianity in its general acceptation their opposition vanishes and they are ready to give an attentive hearing to the claims of the Christian religion. Last month we received two letters from priests, and each of them referred to the negations of Protestantism in almost despairing terms. One priest writing from a neighboring city said:

———— July 8, 1899.

Rev. and Dear Father O'Connor:

I want to know if you could or would be any help to me. I am a Roman Catholic priest, thoroughly acquainted with and very much prejudiced against what I consider the tyranny of Protestantism.

I care nothing for the theological fads of any church, and though I hate Rome with a good sound hatred, I am compelled to admit that in some respects she is as good as, or rather no worse than, some of the others. As no man has any business to become a Protestant who is not ready to turn about and wheel about and jump Jim Crow, I am awfully afraid to come out boldly for Protestantism. But if you could show me a way which would not require a man to renounce his whole training and education and do violence to his nature, a *via media*, I would gladly become a Protestant.

I know well the crookedness, duplicity, corruption and damnable and damning spirit of Rome, but I fear the tyrannical, anarchical, irreverent spirit of Protestantism in some of its phases. Could you help me to steer clear of both Scylla and Charybdis into a place where I could live quietly and peacefully and happily save my soul?

Yours in the dear Lord, ———

We hope when that gentleman comes under the care and instruction of

Christ's Mission he will find what his soul longs for and that Protestantism is not what it has been represented by Roman theologians. They have made it a bugbear, and even strong minded priests like the writer of that letter cannot overcome prejudices imbibed from such teachers until they learn that Protestantism and Christianity are synonymous terms.

The Word Protestant.

The word Protestant comes from *Protestans*—"standing for a witness"—that is, a witness for the truth, as well as a witness against error.

Rome sneers at Protestantism as a religion of negation, but it is deeply interesting and significant to notice that the one mark given of the throned souls in glory is a purely negative mark: "*Had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands, and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.*"—Rev. xx. 4. Virtually you have here four times over the negative particle.

"Art thou a king?" Pilate asked the Master; and Jesus answered: "Thou sayest I am a King. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness for the truth."—John xviii. 37. This is the true Protestantism, to bear witness for Divine truth against all error that might corrupt it.

The nature of believing witness is clearly seen when we take instead of the Latin *testis*, the Greek *martus*—a martyr, witnessing even unto death; afterwards crowned with Jesus who gave His life for us. He witnessed to the truth of His teaching with His death on the cross. The testimony of believers stands for the truth, and should be equally a witness against error—standing for the truth and against error.

WORK OF CHRIST'S MISSION.

The President of the Board of Trustees of Christ's Mission is a business man who had been content to worship God sitting in his pew in church until he was elected to this useful and honorable office. Then he was impressed into service. The first address he delivered at Christ's Mission was at the memorial service for the late John Curry, the first president of the Board of Trustees, and so eloquent was his speech that Pastor O'Connor predicted for him many invitations to address other religious bodies. Mr. Gillie protested that he was only a business man and knew nothing about preaching, but the pastor replied that he would make the better preacher because he was a successful man of business.

The prediction has come true, for our President has been in constant demand at Sunday schools, church gatherings and Y. M. C. A. meetings for the last two years. Last May he was elected an elder of the Lenox Presbyterian Church, this city, and was ordained to that office the Sunday before he presided at the annual meeting of our Trustees.

All who are connected with Christ's Missions are earnest workers in the cause of Him whose Name it bears. Mr. Gillie pledged the first contribution—one hundred dollars—towards the support of Father Lambert in Porto Rico.

For this fund twenty dollars have been received from two brothers, venerable clergymen of the Presbyterian Church—the Rev. Drs. Frederick L. and Albert B. King, and twenty dollars from a friend in New Jersey, besides smaller gifts aggregating ten dollars. Last month the promise of \$150 from a distinguished minister of Christ, whose name is a household word in all parts of this country, brought the amount for this special work up to \$300. Further contributions will be welcomed.

CONVERTS FROM ROME.

Whenever any kind of a Protestant turns to the superstitions of the Roman Catholic Church and adopts them as his creed, the papal agents immediately send his name to the daily press, and the Roman Catholic journalists on the papers give prominence to the announcement. But when Catholics are converted from Romanism, it is nobody's business to publish their names. There is not a Protestant church of any denomination in New York, nor in any of our cities, where there are not many converted Catholics among the members. Those converts do not seek notoriety, and the officials of the churches do not think for a moment of sending their names to the press. The work of grace in the soul that leads a Catholic into closer communion with God brings the convert into fellowship with God's people in every church, and all who have been the human instruments of this work of the Holy Spirit give Him all the glory. In this magazine, where thousands of conversions from Rome have been noted, only the names of priests who intend to devote their lives to the service of Christ as missionaries or pastors are mentioned. Last year three priests were the guests of Christ's Mission for periods ranging from six months to a few weeks, but as they did not think they were qualified for the work of the ministry, though truly converted from Romanism, they quietly obtained positions in commercial life and in teaching, and their associates in their new way of life do not know that they had been priests of the Roman Catholic Church.

Former priests are prominent in various professions and even in public office, and we are happy in the acquaintance and friendship of such men, but the world at large is ignorant of their previous condition. For obvious reasons

this is proper. It adds nothing to the skill of the physician, lawyer, teacher or clerk that he had been formerly a priest, and in most cases it would be embarrassing and an obstacle in his way to have this fact made public. In this matter we respect the wishes of priests who come to Christ's Mission. That is one reason why they like the work the Mission is doing. It is a quiet work, as becomes its name. They reverence the name of Christ, and when converted, serve and love Him as their Saviour.

That Catholics are leaving the Church of Rome in large numbers is well known to the readers of this magazine. Every week we receive testimonies of this kind, and the number of converts referred to in the following letter is not unusual.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., May 8, 1899.
Dear Brother O'Connor:

I have good news for you which probably you have not heard. At a revival in Philadelphia, N. Y., a town near this city, conducted by an evangelist, fifteen persons who had been Roman Catholics were brought to a knowledge of Christ, and all gave their hearts to Him as the loving Saviour. Among them were two whole families and a man who is most anxious to have all of his relatives converted. He will do good work among them.

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC comes here free, and it is doing great good. All who receive it enjoy it very much.

We rejoice that the debt on Christ's Mission building is gradually reduced, and we hope and pray that it will all be paid before the end of the year.

May God bless those dear priests and others who have renounced Romanism and have been converted to the Saviour. May they be successful in helping their people to a knowledge of the truth.

Yours in Christian love,

S. B. B.

A Converted Priest's Happy Experience.

It is not surprising that there should be many conversions in Watertown. Some years ago, on a Sunday morning, one of the priests of the largest Roman Catholic church in that city said mass and preached an evangelical sermon, and the next Sunday he was received into the Protestant Episcopal Church in the neighboring city of Syracuse by Bishop Huntington. This was not such a sudden transformation as it may seem, for this priest had been in correspondence with Bishop Huntington and had several interviews with him before taking this step.

After a brief period of probation this gentleman was called to the rectorship of a Protestant Episcopal Church where he acquitted himself so well that he was invited to a larger parish. Recently he was honored by a call to a still larger church in another diocese, and a few months ago his cup of happiness was filled to overflowing by his marriage to a converted Catholic lady, the daughter of a former mayor of one of the largest cities in the United States. That mayor had been the first Roman Catholic elected to such a high office in that city. The daughter had been educated in convent schools in this country and in Europe, but as she inherited strength of character from her father and had an inquiring mind, developed by American culture, she did not allow the nuns to do all her thinking. On religious subjects she exercised her independence, and the development of thought led her to see the errors of Romanism and by God's grace the truth of the Gospel of Christ. With her priest-husband she is already taking an active part in the work of the church, and the Episcopalians of the city which is the scene of their labors are very proud of their rector and his converted Catholic wife.

The Work in Porto Rico.

Our converted Spanish brother, Rev. Manuel Ferrando, is not only happy and prosperous in his work of preaching the Gospel in Porto Rico, but he has been made doubly happy recently by being united in marriage to Miss Pond, the daughter of the veteran missionary Rev. T. S. Pond, who has been laboring in Venezuela for many years in connection with the Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Ferrando has been with her parents in the missionary field from childhood, and with the experience thus acquired she will be a valuable co-worker with her husband.

The last letter received from Brother Ferrando was as follows:

PENUELAS, PORTO RICO, June 15, 1899.

Rev. James A. O'Connor:

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I ought to write to you more frequently, but in spite of my desire something prevents me from doing so.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Rice, the gentleman to whom you gave a letter of introduction, and through him we have received five dollars sent by you from the Rev. Delavan Pierson of the *Missionary Review*.

We are very glad to inform you that our work in Penuelas is increasing every day and we are expecting great things.

You will be interested to learn that the parish priest of this town has resigned from his church and has handed me his renunciation of the Roman Catholic faith. Now it is his purpose to teach the pure Gospel.

Father Sopena [who was a Capuchin priest in Colombia with Father Ferrando when the latter was superior of the Order there] has also left the Roman Church and is now in Paris. With kindest regards to the friends in Christ's Mission, in which Mrs. Ferrando joins.

I am, very sincerely yours,

MANUEL FERRANDO.

The Converted Syrian Priest; A Remarkable Letter.

THE Rev. Antonius Sharkie, who has been at Christ's Mission since last December, and whose portrait appeared in the July CONVERTED CATHOLIC, has received many letters from his former associates, some entreating him to return to the Roman Catholic Church in Syria, where the highest honors awaited him, and others deploring his loss to the Church, which was the greatest that ever befell it in that country. A leading monk, the superior of a great order, said he would resign his office and Mr. Sharkie would be chosen as his successor if he would return to the Church of Rome. The following is a sample of the letters he has received. It was translated from the Arabic by another priest who has been at Christ's Mission recently, a learned man who is master of twenty languages and who occupied a distinguished position in one of the Oriental rites of the Roman Catholic Church. As this man of learning has chosen the profession of teaching languages, science and philosophy, his name is not given here. But Mr. Sharkie has come out boldly in the cause of Christ and proclaimed the truth of God against the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome. For eighteen years he had been a priest of the cathedral at Aleppo, the most honored member of his order in that city, and his conversion has produced a great sensation in Syria. Since his conversion four young monks and their professor of theology have left the Roman Catholic Church in that country. The following letter is a literal translation from the Arabic:

ALEPPO, Jan. 25, 1899.

To the holiness of the majestic and excellent Father, Very Reverend Antonius Sharkie at New York.

May God cause His righteousness to

last. Kissing your holy hands and imploring your righteous prayers, I beg to state that you have departed from us when we did not expect you to prolong your absence so much. Moreover, the gossip that has been circulating here about you has deeply pained me, your brother and friend, whose loyal attachment to your holiness is well known. You have given to the enemies of religion and yours a wide field for talk against religion and against your beloved person. But what could possibly be the motives that have pushed you into such a step? It can be none other than the enemy of good who planned the ruin of your soul, your name and your good reputation which you have earned through eighteen years of good and faithful sacerdotal service. Whenever I hear people talking on this subject my heart seems to break to pieces within my breast, while I see so many souls saved and delivered through your endeavors from the captivity of the devil, who are now gone back into the demon's servitude a second time through your example. Alas! my dear, remember the pain which you have endured day and night, and the sweat you have shed for the salvation of souls. Remember the good advice which so often you have given to sinners to return penitent to God. Remember the souls which you have converted to the bosom of our holy mother, the Catholic Church. Remember the high dignity to which Christ has elevated you to be His trustee and His representative on earth, nay the very reproduction of His divine person. Remember the power which He has given you to absolve sinners in His name. Remember the sublime degree to which Jesus Christ uplifted you while He used to descend between your hands every day obedient to your call when you said, representing Him, "This is my body." Remember that terrific word which you heard at

your ordination from Mgr. Paul, of happy memory, when he said unto you, "Receive this trust and keep it for the day of the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, because He will demand it from you."

Hearken, therefore, my dear, to the advice of a brother who loves you so much, and can have no interest in giving it but your spiritual and temporal happiness. Return to your fatherland, your office, your dignity and your honor. Pity your poor mother, whose bosom is now actually being torn. Pity your brothers and sisters who are shedding floods of tears for you day and night. Pity your poor soul so precious bought by the blood of Jesus; the whole world will be no use to you if you lose it for all eternity so long as God is God. Pity the Holy Church whose entrails are now being torn to pieces by you. Pity the illustrious faith which has educated you in her bosom. Nay, pity Jesus Christ himself in whose divine heart you thrust such an arrow while He cries: "If the enemy insulted me I would endure it; but why have you abandoned me; thou whom I have created in my image and after my likeness; whom I have made a Christian and a Catholic; whom I have fed every day through my body and blood; whom I have made trustee and dispenser of my mysteries; whom I obeyed descending from the heights of my heaven into your hands. What answer will you give me for the precious souls bought by my pure blood whom you have caused to perish by your example and the great scandal given to them?" Pity your true mother Mary, mother of God, to whom you were consecrated from your infancy, being a son of her confraternity. Nay, pity your deceased saintly father who gave his blood and his life in order to see you become a good priest through his good, pious teaching. What would happen to him

if he were to come back to life and hear what is being said of his son?

I will, therefore, repeat over and again my hope and will beseech you, my brother and friend and father, to come back to us and repair the scandals and silence the enemies, who are now mocking you. Burn their sinful, evil hearts by your return, when everybody shall see that all which has been said about you was a sheer lie. Do you fear our noble bishop, our lord and majestic shepherd? Verily he loves you as much as he loves me; he is weeping constantly for you, and denies publicly all that is said about you. He also praises your excellence and piety and your faithful priestly service, and bestows upon you the very highest eulogies. He keeps his arms open to embrace you, to press you to his heart. I guarantee you that he will in no way punish you; on the contrary, he will forgive whatever be sinful in this journey of yours.

Keep this letter as a covenant and guarantee on my part; and you know that, thank God, I cannot lie to you. I hope in God that as soon as this letter reaches you, you will inform me by telegraph of your return to the priestly state to quiet me, and I will calm your dear and poor family whose hearts are broken. In a short time indeed I hope to see you offering the holy sacrifice and hear your sweet melodious voice when we shall celebrate here together. Through your prayer I hope we shall enjoy Him for all eternity in His heavenly garden according to His divine promise to those who serve Him with fidelity. May you live long!

The humble suitor for your prayers,

FATHER BASILIOS SHAMMA.

Undisturbed by this pathetic letter Mr. Sharkie is pursuing his studies in the Bible and the English language to prepare himself for missionary work among his Syrian and Arabian brethren.

LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

Father Chiniquy's Great Work.

LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA, }
February 18, 1899. }

Rev. James A. O'Connor:

DEAR SIR.—Please find herewith ten dollars for my subscription to your magazine, *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*. I hardly know how the account stands, but I am safe in leaving that with you.

To my mind the world has sustained a great loss in the death of the late dear Pastor Chiniquy. I had the honor many years ago when he lectured in this colony to act as one of his body guard when the followers of the Pope were clamoring for his blood. I well remember on one occasion when we got him safely home to his lodgings, to which we were followed by at least a thousand of his friends and foes, some of the latter crying they would not rest till they had spilt his blood on the streets, how the grand hero of the cross sank back in a chair exhausted and said: "My dear brother, I take comfort in the thought that this persecution is for my Lord and Master's sake, whom it is my delight to serve. What better proof could you get of the truth of what I state about the Church of Rome than this belching volcano of persecution which these poor misguided creatures are trying to hurl at me, and yet, after all, not so much at me as the truth which my Saviour has sent me to declare." This was at Hobart, the capital of this colony. It was one of those scenes in life that one never forgets. The children of the Pope had become so unmanageable the Government brought in pieces of cannon from the fortifications and threatened to give the rioters a quick passage to purgatory if they continued to oppose the rights of free speech. It was then, and not till then, that the bishop called a meeting of his dear children in the dominion and told

them the wisest course to adopt under the circumstances was to go to their homes in peace and keep quiet—not bad advice in such a crisis. When the death of the great and good Chiniquy was announced to the people of Australia by cable it occurred to me that we (the Protestant world) had in the person of yourself and your work one at least who is gifted both with grace and courage to continue a similar work to which he devoted so many years of his life; and I trust that it is the good pleasure of God for you to be continued in good health for many years to lead on this great aggressive campaign against the unjust and iniquitous claims of the Church of Rome. May I further add that I am venturing to hope that God may lay it upon your heart to itinerate the world to confirm the noble work which our friend so much loved.

Praying for your continued success in your great and noble work,

Yours truly, W. WEBBER.

When we attended Father Chiniquy's obsequies in Montreal last January, while the funeral procession was passing a certain street, the Rev. J. E. Duclos, pastor of the Valleyfield Presbyterian Church, remarked that as a boy he had seen ten thousand Canadian Catholics in that street clamoring for the blood of Father Chiniquy, who was preaching in the only Protestant church in that part of the city. But there was a strong bodyguard of Protestants who protected him. Some of those veterans were in the funeral cortege, and they rejoiced at the great change that had come over the Catholics of Montreal when another ten thousand of them lined the streets as the remains of the great Protestant hero were borne from his home to the church and thence to the cemetery. Respect for a good man gone, admiration for his courage in proclaiming the truth of God, and an evident desire to

make reparation for the persecutions inflicted on him, characterized the bearing of this multitude. As the Italians are erecting monuments to Savonarola, so in days to come the Canadians will honor the memory of their countryman who sought to deliver them from the yoke of spiritual bondage that they might become the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ, their only Mediator, their only Saviour.

It is like a page of history to read this letter from Mr. Webber, who is a prominent business man in Tasmania, and we know our readers will unite with us in thanking him for it.

A Papal Delegate for Canada.

WHEN at the last general election in Canada two years ago a majority of the Roman Catholics of Quebec cast their votes against the party that was supported by the Jesuits, it was predicted that trouble would come to the bishops, who had not taken better care of their flocks and kept them in line in the interests of the Church. The Pope sent a special delegate, Merry du Val, to view the situation and inquire into the causes that led to the defeat of the Jesuits. His report was not favorable to the bishops, some of whom would be "liberal" if they could, and now they are to be disciplined by having a permanent delegation established in that country. Last month it was announced that Mgr. Falconi, a Franciscan, was appointed delegate to Canada. Though an Italian by birth, he is an American citizen since 1866 when he was superior of the Franciscan college at Allegany, N. Y. He has also been superior of houses of his order in Connecticut and in this city. He will rule the bishops in Canada with a rod of iron, and discipline them as Satolli did in this country, and they will have no redress, for he will be the Canadian Pope as Satolli was the American Pope.

Some Other Franciscan Priests,

One of Falconi's successors as president of the Allegany college was Father Mogyorosi, who about twelve years ago withdrew from the order and renounced the priesthood. In an interesting conversation we had with him when he came to see us after he had left the Franciscans, he said there were twelve other priests of the order who would withdraw from it if they knew what to do or where to go after taking such a step. But they did not know how to get along in the world, and Protestants had no sympathy with them; so they stifled their consciences and remained where an evil fate had placed them. He said further that by the light of reason and the study of history and philosophy he had learned that Romanism was a huge imposture, and he had not kept his monks in ignorance of his discovery. "But," he added, "if they had followed my example they would have been lost in the great world, for a majority of them had been taken into the monastery when mere boys and had never learned any useful trade or calling."

Father Francis Dent had also been a monk of the Franciscan Order in Allegany. He was expelled from the order for denouncing the scandals that existed in the monastery. He appealed to Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, the superior-general of the order at Rome, and to the Pope himself against the unjust decree that sent him forth as a vagabond, and at length took his case to the civil courts in this city, where he was vindicated and received ten thousand dollars from the Franciscans to cease further litigation. He is now living in New York and often calls at Christ's Mission. But the abuses and scandals of which he complained have not been remedied. They flourish still, and Father Dent looks on, waiting, hoping for the time when outraged Catholics in this country will rise up and demand the suppression of those institutions.

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE VIRGIN MARY?

BY REV. ROBERT P. FARRIS, D. D., ST. LOUIS.

THE Roman Catholic Church makes a great deal of the Virgin Mary. It calls her "Mother of God," "Seat of Wisdom," "Ark of the Covenant," "Gate of Heaven," "Queen of Angels, and Patriarchs, and Apostles," "Refuge of Sinners," etc. Altars and churches are consecrated to her. Prayer is made to her continually, and certain days in the year and the whole month of May are set apart for her especial worship. In the Roman Catholic manual, "The Christian's Guide to Heaven," we find this among other prayers:

"O Blessed Virgin, I come to offer thee my most humble homage, and to implore the aid of thy prayers and protection. Thou art all-powerful with the Almighty."

In another popular book, "The Glories of Mary," by Alphonsus Liguori, who is a canonized saint of the Roman Church, we read:

"God has ordained that all graces should come to us through the hands of Mary."

"To honor the Queen of Angels is to acquire everlasting life."

"All angels and men, and all things that are in heaven and on earth, are also subject to the dominion of the glorious Virgin."

"She is ordained to be the mediatrix between the sinner and God."

"Sinners receive pardon only through the intercession of Mary."

"The soul cannot live without having recourse and commending itself to Mary."

"He falls and is lost who does not flee to Mary."

"The Virgin has all power in heaven and on earth." She is "omnipotent to save sinners."

Indeed, judging not merely by the above quotations, but by documents from the hands of popes and bishops, by the sermons of priests, by religious books, by litanies and other forms of prayer, by catechisms for the young, by festivals in her honor observed with elaborate ceremonies, and by extraordinary devotion to her at all times and in all Roman Catholic lands, it is not too much to say that the Roman Catholic Church makes far more of the Virgin Mary than it does of our Lord Jesus Christ. This is right, if the Scriptures warrant it. But it is wrong, fearfully wrong, if the Word of God gives it no support. Let us see.

Who were Mary's parents? Where was she born? How long did she live? Where did she die? Where was she buried? Nobody knows.

What does the New Testament say about her? Only this: God sent the angel Gabriel to tell her that she should have a son, and should call His name Jesus (Luke i, 31.) Her betrothed husband, Joseph, finding her with child, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily, but the angel of the Lord told him not to hesitate to take her as his wife, "for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost." (Matt. i, 18, 19, 20.)

She at once went to visit her kinswoman, Elizabeth, who was soon to be the mother of John the Baptist, and who, filled with the Holy Ghost, assured Mary that what Gabriel had told her would come to pass; and Mary said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." (Luke i, 39-47). In due time the child was born in Bethlehem, where wise men from the East "fell down and

worshiped Him [not His mother] and presented unto Him [not unto her] gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh." Matt. ii, 1, 11.) As required by the law of Moses, the Babe was taken to the temple to be formally dedicated to God, when the aged Simeon took the Child in his arms, blessed the parents, and said unto Mary, "A sword shall pierce through thy own soul." (Luke ii; 25, 34, 35.) To escape the murderous intent of Herod, Joseph fled with Mary and the child into Egypt, and, remaining there until Herod's death, the little family returned and took up their abode in Nazareth. (Matt. ii; 13, 23.) When Jesus was twelve years old He accompanied His parents to Jerusalem to celebrate the passover. He and they became separated, and when after three days they found Him in the temple in the midst of the doctors and Mary upbraided Him for causing His parents such anxiety, He replied, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke ii, 42-49.) Mary was present at the marriage in Cana and witnessed His first miracle. (John ii, 1) On a certain occasion, while He was addressing the people, He was told that His mother and brothers were on the outskirts of the crowd and wished to speak to Him. He answered, "Who is my mother? And who are my brothers? And He stretched forth His hand towards His disciples and said, "Behold my mother and my brothers. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." (Matt. xii, 46-50.) After the miracle at Cana "He, and His mother, and His brethren, and His disciples went down to Capernaum." (John ii, 12.) Going thence to Nazareth His fellow townsmen, though astonished at His words and works, would not believe that He was possessed of divine wisdom and

power, because, said they: "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not His mother called Mary? and His brothers James and Joseph and Simon and Judas? and His sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things?" (Matt. xiii, 54-56.) Mary was present at the crucifixion. The dying Jesus committed her to the care of the beloved John, who took her to his own home. (John xix, 26, 27.) Afterwards it is incidentally mentioned that Mary with the other women and our Lord's brothers joined the apostles in prayer and supplication. (Acts i, 14.)

This is all that the Holy Spirit, in the Word of God, tells us about the Virgin Mary; and even this is rather about Jesus than His mother. Certainly there is nothing here to justify the extravagant terms in which the Roman Catholic Church speaks of her, or to authorize the honors and worship which are accorded to her.

It is significant that the message of the angel to the shepherds was exclusively concerning the Babe, and that, on their return from the manger "they made known the saying that was told them concerning the Child." It is significant that John, to whose filial care Mary was committed, *never mentions her name*. Surely, if God meant her to be the Queen of Heaven, the Tower of Ivory, the House of Gold, the Refuge of Sinners, the Throne of Grace, the entire ground of our hope and the dispenser of salvation, we would have some intimation of it. But, as stated, John never mentions her name, and from the time he took her to be a member of his household she is wholly lost sight of, except the incidental statement that she and others met with the apostles for prayer.

It is significant that Mary is not mentioned as being at the sepulcher, and that the risen Jesus sent no message to her, except as she was included among

the brethren. It is significant also that during His sojourn on earth, after His resurrection, He did not single her out for special personal interview; neither by act nor word did He distinguish her above others; nor did He intimate that, either here or hereafter, she was to have any preeminence. On the contrary, when one of His listeners exclaimed: "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou has sucked!" He said: "Yes, rather blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it."

It is especially significant that in none of the twenty-two epistles of the New Testament is Mary's name mentioned, or the slightest reference made to her. If she is "ordained to be the mediatrix between the sinner and God," if "sinners receive pardon only through the intercession of Mary," if she "has all power in heaven and on earth," if she is "omnipotent to save sinners," it is not conceivable that the Holy Spirit would have neglected to move Paul and Peter and James and John and Jude to instruct us about her merit and exaltation and her power in heaven. They tell us constantly of Jesus, and of the Father, and of the Holy Spirit; but they are absolutely silent about Mary—as silent as if they had never heard of her.

Finally, it is significant that in her praiseful response to Elizabeth's salutation, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," Mary confesses that she is a sinner, acknowledges her need of a Saviour, and rejoices in her Redeemer.

Father Yorke's Tricks.

BY REV. F. WATRY, WEAVERVILLE,
CALIFORNIA.

Very few people on the Pacific coast have not heard of Father Yorke. A few years ago he came suddenly into

prominence through a controversy with the leaders of the A. P. A. movement here in California. He is peculiarly gifted for such work, and is never at a loss for an answer. The men he had to deal with here did not understand his tactics and soon found themselves literally "snowed under."

Father Yorke went to Europe last year for a rest. He has been at Rome and had a private audience with the Pope. This audience, as reported in press dispatches, is so characteristic of the man and the priest that it is deserving of more than a passing notice, and will interest all who are interested in either the man or the priest in the man.

It is stated that in reply to a question from the Pope Father Yorke said: "Yes, I spoke to an audience of fifty thousand." This caused the Pope to throw up his hands in surprise and to exclaim, "You must wield an immense influence."

It is somewhat refreshing to find that the man who has succeeded in throwing dust in the eyes of so many people on this coast has done the same thing in Rome, and with at least equal success. The fact that a man speaks through the press to an audience of fifty thousand is in itself no proof that he is wielding an immense influence, at least not the kind of an influence the Pope had in mind. Thoughtful people here have had in him a practical illustration of Jesuitical trickery which they will not soon forget. The writer of this has met with a number of intelligent Catholics also who have become so thoroughly disgusted with his coarse, tricky and almost brutal methods that they positively refuse to have the *Monitor*, the Catholic paper of which he is the editor, enter their homes any longer. Father Yorke cannot be altogether ignorant of these things. But he must needs leave the Pope under the impression that he has things pretty much his own way out

here. And this he does by surprising Leo with an imaginary picture of a vast audience. This is one of the tricks of his trade.

"Are there many Protestant newspapers in California?" inquired the Pope further. To which Father Yorke replied: "No, the newspapers are for the greater part merely secular and neutral. There are only a few Protestant papers, weekly ones. Dogmatic Protestantism is not strong in California."

This reply is characteristic of the man, or rather of the priest. It is true that *dogmatic* Protestantism is not strong in California, nor anywhere else, for that matter. *Dogmatic* Christianity of every name and form has lost its hold upon this generation and is forever doomed. Protestantism can afford to throw away its dogmatics. Indeed, the sooner it gets rid of this relic of the Middle Ages the better for it and for all concerned. It is not built upon dogmatics, but upon the Word of God. Dogmatics are the opinions of erring men about God and His Word. Hence dogmatics are one thing, and God's Word quite another. Roman Catholicism is preeminently dogmatic. Yorke is not ignorant of all this. He is too wide awake for that. And so he tells the Pope the truth, and yet not the truth. He, no doubt, left the impression upon the Pope that Protestantism was weak here. That was what he wanted, but he did not say so. That would not have been true. He only said that *dogmatic* Protestantism was weak. This is another trick of his trade. The Pope inquired still further: "How are the Protestants disposed towards the church?" By Protestants he, of course, meant all non-Catholics, and by the church he meant his followers. That question would put any man standing, or perhaps kneeling, before the Pope, into an awkward position.

But Father Yorke understands his business, and with the same ease with which he answered the many trying questions put to him out here during the past few years, he replied: "Holy Father, all love the Pope of great encyclicals." An answer, indeed, and yet not an answer. But it touched the old gentleman's vanity and answered every purpose. This is the cleverest trick of his trade.

[If the leaders of the A. P. A. and other patriotic societies in California had taken counsel with Mr. Watry, a learned former priest of the highest standing now as a Congregational minister, they would not have suffered from the "bullyragging" of priest Yorke and other papal agents of similar characteristics. No men are better fitted to cope with the Yorkes than are intelligent converted priests. But self-seeking "patriots" do not know this—Ed. C. C.]

KIND WORDS.

Cambridge, Mass., April 4, 1899.

Permit me to say that I am not only a constant reader of your valuable magazine, but I try to circulate it among my acquaintances as much as possible. To me it is the most interesting of magazines. For years I have been in hopes to help materially in the good and wonderful work which you are accomplishing; and so far I have been unsuccessful in that direction. But you and your work are daily remembered at the throne of grace. I pray God to bless you. C. E. S.

—, N. D., May 9, 1899.

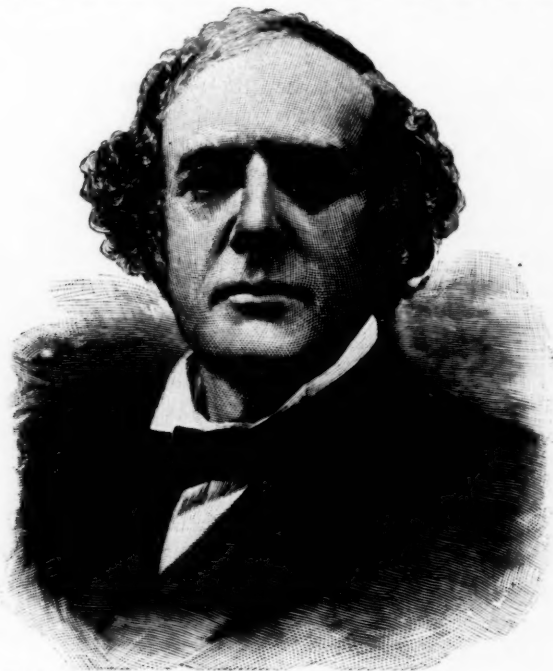
DEAR BROTHER:—Enclosed please find three dollars and fifty cents for the renewal of my subscription (\$1.00), and for the reduction of the Mission debt (\$2.50). This contribution is from two other friends and myself, who wish the greatest success to the noble work you are doing. MRS. L. M. W.

A COSMOPOLITAN CAREER TERMINATES.

SUCH is the heading of the editorial article by Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley in the *New York Christian Advocate*, July 13, on the death of Bishop John P. Newman. Dr. Buckley's eulogy begins with these paragraphs:

"The voice that charmed multitudes in exacting pastorates, on many platforms, in various lands, and for half a

Had he been a lawyer juries would not have slept when he addressed them; if a politician, crowds would have followed him; and so far as oratory could command attention in legislative halls, he would have been heard with pleasure. Believing that he was called of God thereunto, he choose the ministry as his profession, and from his humble begin-



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John P. Newman

Born in New York in 1826. Died in Saratoga, July 5, 1899.

century, is forever silenced, for the spirit that animated it has returned to God who gave it.

"Bishop John Philip Newman was endowed by nature with the temperament and presence, and with a high degree of the potency, of the orator. In any sphere requiring ingratiating public speech he could have attained success.

ning to triumphs culminating in New York and in the capital of the Nation, edifices, however large, were usually filled when he had been announced as preacher or speaker therein."

Bishop Newman had been an humble minister of the Gospel for many years before he developed the great abilities which he possessed. It was

during the Civil War that he came into prominence as an orator and organizer, and after his successful work in establishing the Methodist Episcopal Church in New Orleans, when that city was wrested from the Confederates, he became a national character. He was successively pastor of the largest churches in the Methodist body, the itineracy of that church at that time not permitting a minister to continue longer than a few years pastor of the same congregation. In Washington he was pastor of the Metropolitan Church, where General Ulysses S. Grant, then President of the United States, worshipped. Outside of his own family General Grant esteemed no one more highly than Dr. Newman, and their friendship continued unbroken until the lamented death of the great General and President.

Dr. Newman was General Grant's most intimate adviser on many important questions, and the latter's great speech in which he sounded a note of warning against the dangerous attacks of the Roman Catholic Church on the public school system of the United States was only one of the results of their intercourse. In this address, which was delivered at the annual encampment of the Army of the Tennessee in Des Moines, Iowa, in September, 1875, General Grant said:

"The Union and the free institution for which our comrades fell should be held more dear for their sacrifices. Let their heroism be ever green in our memory. Let not the results of their sacrifices be destroyed. We will not deny to any who fought against us any privilege under the Government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and to perpetuate our institutions.

"I do not bring into this assemblage politics—certainly not partisan politics—but it is a fair subject for soldiers in

their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they fought. In a Republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence. The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us a free Nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other. Now, in this centennial year of national existence, I believe it is a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic forefathers one hundred years ago at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech and free press. pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be diverted to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the State nor Nation, or both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common school education, un-mixed with sectarian, pagan or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the Church and State forever separate."

Dr. Newman, who was elected Bishop in 1888, was a strenuous advocate of the principles of his great friend.

THE NUN OF KENMARE DIED A PROTESTANT.

II.

IN the previous article we could only briefly refer to the death of Miss Cusack, and note that most of the Romanist papers in this country had stated that she had returned to the Roman Catholic Church and died in that faith. We would fain believe that the editors were misled by the obituary notices that appeared in the *New York Sun* and other daily papers that cater to the followers of the Pope.

In the article in the *Sun* (June 8, 1899) there were two lines of cablegram from London as follows: "Margaret Anna Cusack, known as the Nun of Kenmare, Is Dead." Then in small type, showing that the article was prepared in the office of the *Sun*, the following appeared:

Sister Margaret Anna Cusack, known as the Nun of Kenmare from the place in which she lived, was born in Ireland and educated in England. She was a convert, having become a Catholic during the Oxford movement. Her conversion was attributed to Cardinal Manning, with whom she was well acquainted. Previous to that she had been an Anglican nun. Miss Cusack's entrance into a convent took place soon after she joined the Roman Catholic Church. She then became a Sister of Mercy. Her most conspicuous work was her labors for the starving people of Ireland during the famine of 1879-80. She collected nearly \$100,000 from all parts of the world and distributed it among the needy people of her native land. Afterward she came to this country and took up her residence in New Jersey. She returned to Ireland in 1891. She founded the Order of the Sisters of Peace of the Immaculate Conception and St. Joseph, having obtained the authority of Pope Leo in 1884. The principal object of this community was to aid and instruct young Irish girls emigrating to America. The Nun of Kenmare was the author of between thirty and forty volumes. Among her

writings were a history of Ireland, a history of Kerry, a book for the Irish girls in America and the "Life of the Great Apostle of the Irish People." Not long after issuing the volume Pope Pius IX. wrote to her expressing admiration for her literary ability.

Several years ago Sister Margaret left the Catholic Church, sending a letter of withdrawal to Pope Leo. Later she was reconciled and died in the Roman Catholic faith.

The *Sun* was the only paper in this city that stated that Miss Cusack "was reconciled and died in the Roman Catholic faith." But many papers in other cities, and, as has been said, most of the Roman Catholic journals, printed that last paragraph. Was this a coincidence? Not at all. It is the custom in large newspaper offices to have obituary notices of eminent and distinguished persons prepared in advance, and when their death is announced the articles are ready for publication. Until used these notices are kept in a drawer or case in the office styled "The Morgue."

The writer of Miss Cusack's obituary was evidently a devoted Roman Catholic who had sent his article to various papers previous to her death. He had been taught from his youth up that there is only one true Church, the Roman—"out of which there is no salvation"—and he could not believe that any person who had been brought up in that Church could die in any other faith.

Not until the way of God is learned from the Bible and confirmed by personal experience of the blessedness of the union that exists between the soul and Christ through faith in Him can a Roman Catholic, even the most intelligent in other respects, understand that there is salvation here and hereafter outside the Roman Catholic Church. When, therefore, the papal

agents in our daily papers publish such glaring falsehoods as the return of former priests and nuns to the faith of Rome their dense ignorance of the truths of the Christian religion should be considered. But what can be said of the papers that employ such men to write on subjects of which they are ignorant, or assuming knowledge which they do not possess, discuss them in a spirit so biased that the truth is perverted? Roman Catholic journalists may write on political and commercial subjects as acceptably as other men who are Christians or make no profession of religion, but on religious questions the conductors of our daily papers should know that they cannot be relied upon.

"When you see it in the *Sun*, it's so," has been the motto of the paper that gave currency to the statement that the Nun of Kenmare had returned to the Church of Rome before her death. That sign must be taken down when it discusses subjects relating to converted Catholics or to any controversy between Protestantism and Romanism.

The letter to the *Sun* published in our last issue did not appear in that paper until July 13, and then only after repeated visits to the office of the *Sun*; and that part of it that requested the editors of Roman Catholic papers, like Rev. Louis A. Lambert of the New York *Freeman's Journal* ("Ingersoll Lambert," as he is called), to correct their misstatements was suppressed in the *Sun* office. The following is the form in which it was published:

To the Editor of The Sun:

SIR:—In the notice of the death of Miss Cusack, "the Nun of Kenmare," which appeared in the press generally on June 8, many of the papers stated that she had returned to the Roman Catholic Church. Will you please allow me to correct that statement? Miss Cusack was the mother superior of

the convent of the Sisters of Peace in Englewood, N. J., in 1888, when I received letters from her in which she expressed her desire to leave the Roman Catholic Church, as she had lost faith in its doctrines and had no relish for its practices. Accordingly, in July of that year, she left the convent, and from that time until her death at Leamington, England, on June 5, she adhered to the Protestant faith.

I hope this correction will be noted by the papers that published her return to the Roman Catholic Church. As Miss Cusack had filled a large space in the conventual life of the Roman Catholic Church for thirty years, and had taken a conspicuous part in the Protestant controversy with the Church of Rome for the last eleven years of her life, in justice to her memory and to the cause of truth this correction should be made by all who were misled regarding her faith when dying.

I may add that Miss Cusack was buried in the Leamington cemetery on June 8; that in her last illness she was attended by the Rev. J. G. Gregory, incumbent of Christ Church (Protestant Episcopal), Leamington, and that the funeral service was conducted by Mr. Gregory and the Rev. G. E. A. Pargiter, vicar of St. Paul's (Church of England), no Roman Catholic priest or bishop being present. These facts are taken from the English press, especially from the *English Churchman* of London, June 15, 1899.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

Editor of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC,
New York, June 29, 1899.

We left at the *Sun* office copies of the English papers that referred to Miss Cusack's death, but as it did not notice them further than to permit our statement to appear, we copy from the *English Churchman* of London, the leading evangelical paper of the Church of England, the article that appeared in its issue of June 15:

The Late Miss Cusack.

We regret to announce that Miss Cusack, the well-known ex-"Nun of Kenmare," died at Leamington on June

5. Probably there were not a few Romanists who expected that she would return to the Church of Rome on her deathbed, but happily, their hopes were unfounded. She died, professing the Protestant faith, and was attended during her last illness by the Rev. J. G. Gregory, the Evangelical and Protestant Incumbent of Christ Church, Leamington.

The life of Miss Cusack was an eventful one. She was born seventy years ago, and her earliest years were spent in Ireland, from which, on the death of her father, she removed with her mother to Devonshire. There she came under Ritualistic influences. The sudden death of one to whom she was engaged to be married seems to have led her to join one of Dr. Pusey's sisterhoods under Miss Sellon, where she remained for some years, leading a life which was not a happy one. Her subsequent opinion of both Dr. Pusey and Miss Sellon was far from favorable, and in private life was expressed far more strongly than in her books. In Pusey's convent she imbibed that love for Popery which subsequently led her to join the Church of Rome. She tells us, in "The Story of My Life," that "Dr. Pusey was in the habit of requiring his 'penitents' to take a solemn oath that they would never become Catholics—an oath which was taken to be broken in many a case." Soon after seceding to Rome, Miss Cusack joined a Roman Catholic convent, and threw herself heart and soul into her new work. She was ever a woman with great independence of character, born to rule rather than obey, and it was not long before she came in conflict with the authorities. The life was far from heavenly, being remarkable most of all for petty jealousies and quarrelling. As a nun she devoted herself largely to literary work, and with such success that the funds of the convent to which she was attached

benefited largely by her labors. She wrote tales, books of history, biographies and works of devotion, and soon her name was famous throughout the Roman Catholic world. No woman in Ireland was so popular as Miss Cusack, and woe be to the unlucky Protestant who dared to criticize her in the presence of a Romanist! During the great Irish Famine of 1879 she collected immense sums of money for the starving peasantry, and thus became, in their estimation, a real saint on earth, and a certain candidate for canonization after death. Her fame reached Rome, and with the result that she was made the head of a new order of nuns by no less a personage than Leo XIII. But all along the years there must have been many a struggle between her intellect and her superstitious faith. Eventually she began to make independent inquiries into the basis of the Roman Catholic faith, and these at length led to doubts as to the Pope's Infallibility and Mariolatry. After much anxious thought, and during a residence in America, she finally decided to leave the Church of Rome and return to Protestantism. She gave her reasons for this important step in a volume of over four hundred pages, entitled "Life Inside the Church of Rome."

On her return to England Miss Cusack received a warm and hearty welcome from all classes of Protestants, who speedily subscribed for her a large sum of money, which placed her for a time above pecuniary anxieties. At once she commenced a course of public lectures on Romanism, which were largely attended. Her manner, both on the platform and in private life, was most attractive, and her powers as a speaker were much above the average. Since then she has written many books, such as "The Story of My Life," and "The Black Pope." Unlike other ladies who have left convents, she Rom-

anists never dared to attack the personal character of Miss Cusack. One who had in such a marked manner been blessed by the present Pope could scarcely be attacked by Romanists on the score of character. Of course she was abused by the Romish press for leaving their communion, but she never repented the step she had taken. For several years past her prolonged illness made it impossible to continue her work as a lecturer. Her funeral took place in Leamington Cemetery. The service was conducted by the Rev. G. E. A. Pargiter (Vicar of St. Paul's), and the Rev. J. G. Gregory (incumbent of Christ Church). The mourners were Miss Holmes, Mr. Cartwright, Dr. Rice (medical attendant), Mrs. Gregory (housekeeper), Nurse Willoughby, and Nurse Kenyon. There were also present Mr. W. H. Whitehead (missionary of the Protestant Reformation Society), and Miss Neate. The coffin bore the inscription: "Margaret Anna Cusack, fell asleep June 5th, 1899; aged 70 years." It was a special wish of the deceased lady that no flowers should be sent, and that the funeral should be of a quiet character.

The Roman Catholic papers in England were disappointed that Miss Cusack did not return to the faith of Rome before her death, and one of them, the *Catholic Times*, had the bad taste to indulge in the following sneering remarks:

"Miss Margaret Ann Cusack, known as the ex-Nun of Kenmare, has just died at Leamington, aged seventy. She was a Protestant, became a Catholic, and after having been a nun at Kenmare, Knock, and elsewhere, found the rule irksome and drifted back to Protestantism. She was bitter in her attacks upon Catholics, but we could never see any argument in what she said or wrote."

The writer of that paragraph must

not have read the books Miss Cusack published after she became a Protestant, or if he did, his assertion that she was bitter towards Catholics is a wilful perversion of the truth, for in all her works she showed the greatest sympathy and pity for Catholics who were deceived by the Roman system.

A paper called the *Vatican*, published in Albany, N. Y., in its issue of June 24, expressed some doubts about Miss Cusack's return to Romanism; but it charitably adds: "We earnestly hope it is true, and with our readers will give the venerable dead the benefit of the doubt, praying that Almighty God, the searcher of hearts, may have mercy upon her soul."

Another Roman Catholic paper, the Worcester, Mass., *Messenger* of the same date said: "The recent death of Margaret A. Cusack, at one time Sister Mary Francis Clare, known all the world over as 'The Nun of Kenmare,' recalls the unhappy incident of the gifted woman's recession from the religious state and the Catholic Church some years ago, and also recalls a previous noble record of her literary activity and great charities.

"The faithful Irish poor, of whom she had been so great a benefactor, will never forget her work in their behalf during the famine of 1879-80, when she collected and distributed over \$100,000 to alleviate the distress then existing along the western Irish coast, and though it is doubtful whether she returned to the true fold, fervent prayers withal will go forth from many thousands of Irish hearts for her eternal welfare.

"It is hard to understand what wearied her of her peaceful convent home and her beneficent life in Ireland, but after founding a new community called the Sisters of Peace in Jersey City, N. J., she left the Church in 1888."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRONG AS DEATH.—A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY ELIZABETH ARROTT WELLS, AUTHOR OF "ST. ULRICH,"

"LOYAL TO THE KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

The story begins after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The principal characters are Lady Isabel de Beaumont, still in the prime of life, and her adopted children, Adrien and Marie, whose history is shrouded in mystery. Adrien, having entered the army, is sent on a mission to Nismes. He encounters a dying Huguenot pastor, and obtains his Testament as a souvenir. "Jean the Watchman" is a Huguenot in disguise among the royal troopers. Father Jerome, the village household confessor, is succeeded by the noble-minded Father Augustine, the confessor during Lady Isabel's childhood. During a hunting expedition Adrien disappears; he reappears mysteriously through means known only to Father Augustine and Antoine, the aged steward. The pastor's Testament brings salvation to Father Augustine, Lady Isabel and Adrien. Their history is discovered through Marie's aid, and it is decided that Lady Isabel and Adrien must retire to a secret chamber. The enemy arrives, and a band of soldiers surround the castle. Antoine warns Adrien and Lady Isabel. The signal is given, Lady Isabel secures her jewels and then goes to the secret chamber. Adrien is seized, but Father Augustine is found dead on his bed. Jean the Watchman is one of the soldiers on guard and secretly arranges with Antoine for his lady's welfare. Their watchword is to be "Strong as Death." In her retreat Lady Isabel discovers an important letter from one "William Arroch." A deadly epidemic appears in the valley. Father Vincent succumbs to it, leaving Ignatius supreme in the castle. Soon the latter takes the fever. A plan is formed by which Lady Isabel escapes in disguise from the castle, reaching a spot where she is left to await a new escort. She goes to another hiding place. With her new friends she attends a secret assembly of the Church of the Desert. An attendant is needed by one friendly to the Huguenots who is about to sail for Scotland. Lady Isabel meeting all the requirements of the passport prepared for another person, she is conveyed to Marseilles to fill this position. Her journey thither was an eventful one, but she arrived the evening before the vessel sails at the house of M. Rousillon near Marseilles. While on her way to the ship Lady Isabel is discovered by Father Jerome, who starts in pursuit. But she reaches the ship, bound for Arbroath. On board, she finds a long-lost friend—the mother of Adrien and Marie.

CHAPTER XIX.

God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst see
The end of all things here as well as He.

—SELECTED.

Early the next morning the ladies went on deck, eager for a glimpse of their adopted country.

Captain McTavish was scanning the shore attentively. Suddenly he handed his glass to Sandy, and his "Aye! Aye! Captain!" reached the ladies, as the latter turned toward them, his honest face aglow with delight.

"It is the laird himself!" he exclaimed. "Sandy knows him well; and when he tells him that I have Huguenot refugees aboard you will be sure to receive a welcome to Dumbarrow!" and he hurried back to his post.

All this time they were slowly nearing the shore, where curious groups were watching the incoming ship. Among them one tall figure was especially prominent; that of the Laird of Dumbarrow, who seemed to have a pleasant greeting for all who approached him.

No sooner had the ship reached shore than Sandy hastened to the laird, who heard his story with the deepest interest.

In a few moments the old sailor returned with a cordial invitation for the ladies to visit Dumbarrow.

The laird, however, was too impatient to see his guests to remain on shore, so when they appeared on deck, prepared to depart, they found him already there.

"My ladies," he said, in the purest of French, "Captain McTavish tells me that you have accepted my invitation. With your kind permission we will proceed immediately to Dumbarrow, where my wife will gladly welcome you. And perhaps Captain McTavish will likewise accompany me," he added, turning courteously towards him.

But no; the good ship Bruce must continue her course, and the captain and his passengers must part.

"I have no home here, my ladies," he said at last, "but now I know when

yonder post is reached"—and he looked reverently heavenward—"that I shall find a good berth awaiting me; and at your coming, dear ladies, may Robert McTavish be the first to greet you!"

A few more words, and Lady Isabel, with her friends, were on land, and soon were speeding towards Dumbarrow, the "resting place" the Lord had provided.

It was a long drive, and the little party had ample time to become acquainted ere their destination was reached and they were introduced to their gentle hostess. Her sweet face lighted up with pleasure, which deepened as she heard her husband's explanations.

"I cannot give you a common greeting," she said, embracing them affectionately; "for you are no common guests." For had not her Lord said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Then, as several little children ran in, she added: "Here, dear ladies, are my little ones. Some day you must tell them how much they have to thank God for in their Scottish home."

At sight of the youngest, Mme. Arnaud started forward with an endearing cry, and clasped the little fellow to her heart.

Though her tears fell fast on his upturned face, he showed no fear, only his great dark eyes filled with wonder and pity.

With a mother's instinct, Mme. Arroch understood it all.

"My little Jamie is a sweet comforter," she said, tenderly, as she watched the child gently stroking the lady's cheek, "and I will gladly share him with you. But now, dear ladies, you must rest;" and she led the way to her guest-chamber.

It was not long before the strangers felt thoroughly at home, and they real-

ized that they could confer no greater pleasure than by remaining as the guests of their new friends; especially when the old letter was examined and declared to be the work of their host's father. Surely, as Mr. Arroch emphatically declared, this made Dumbarrow their rightful abiding place. In the course of time, however, the selling of the jewels having rendered the ladies independent, it was reluctantly decided that they should have a home of their own in the neighborhood of Arbroath. They wished to do some work for their Lord, and He seemed to have provided it for them among the poor fisher-folk of Auchmithie. Thanks to Captain McTavish's instruction, they found they could converse with them without difficulty, and soon won their confidence.

They chose their home within sound of the splashing waves, which seemed to unite them to the far-off shores of France: and often climbing to the ruined castle which towered above their little cottage, they gazed long and lovingly over the waters, wondering if ever they should receive news of their lost ones.

As the years passed and still no tidings came, they learned to leave Adrien and Marie in the hands of their infinitely loving, all powerful Lord, and found much happiness in the work which He had given them to do.

New Year's Eve was approaching, and a warm invitation came to spend it at Dumbarrow.

William Arroch, the eldest son, was the messenger, and his air of mystery had its due effect on the ladies as they gladly gave their consent, resolved that no sadness on their part should dim the happiness of their kind friends.

At the time appointed they set out for Dumbarrow and found Mrs. Arroch impatiently awaiting their arrival. Her greeting was more than usually affec-

tionate as she led them into the drawing-room.

But who was this—the dark-eyed stranger, whose youthful face contrasted so strikingly with his whitened locks?

To Mme. Arnaud he was merely another guest, but as Lady Isabel caught sight of him she started with amazement. Then meeting Mrs. Arroch's eyes, she hesitated no longer. With the cry of "Adrien!" she rushed to meet him, but Mme. Arnaud stood spell-bound. Could this indeed be her long lost son?

As he turned towards her, with glistening eyes, she, too, saw there could be no mistake. It was as if Paul Arnaud himself stood before her.

Never before had such happiness reigned at Dumbarrow, so it seemed to all the household, as they watched their guests; but another joy was yet to come.

Later in the evening, as the little group gathered around the fire-place, Adrien drew forth a small parcel and laid it in Lady Isabel's hands.

"A love-token from Marie," he said, tenderly. And then he quickly told his story—a story which would fill his listeners with praises unto Him who "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A French Priest's Letter.

In addition to the letters from converted priests which we published last month we give the following which, strange to say, is found in the book, "Father Hecker, Is He a Saint?" that has been suppressed by orders from Rome. This letter was addressed to the Bishop of Beauvias, France, by one of his parish priests:

"Marolles, April 7, 1898.

" Monseigneur.

" A sincere vocation led me to the

priesthood in the Catholic religion, which I believed to be the religion of Christ. After a long and serious study of the dogmas and institutions of the Church I was forced to recognize that I was a Catholic no longer and that I could not remain a priest.

" Loyalty bids me relinquish the direction of the parish with which you entrusted me. I put my resignation in your hands to-day.

" Before God, I can testify of myself that my whole priestly life was spent in diffusing and developing the Christian spirit in men's souls. And it is in order to continue the same work that I separate myself from your Catholic, but not Christian, Church.

" May the Son of God, who has revealed himself in my heart, desiring truth and life, vouchsafe to comfort those I leave. They will understand later on the grave convictions I have obeyed. They will realize, as I have done, that the very principle of Catholic social organization is the triumph of judaism and the Roman spirit of domination over the Christian spirit of piety and the liberty of the sons of God, and they will not condemn me for wishing to deliver my faith and affirming my freedom of conscience in the face of a blindly domineering and oppressive Church.

" May the Son of God comfort me too and come to my aid. The separation cannot be made without a severe wrench and painful sacrifices. But duty rests with man, and the future with God.

" As I have done my duty loyally and simply, I shall have confidence in God, the Master of the future.

" I beg you, Monseigneur, to forgive me for the pain I am likely to cause you. " Very respectfully, E. BOURDERY."

The work of Father Bourrier in France is making great progress, and his excellent paper, *Le Chretien Francais*, is widely circulated among the priests.

LIFE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC MONASTERIES.

BY AUGUSTINE BAUMANN, FORMERLY "FATHER AUGUSTINE," OF THE
PASSIONIST MONASTERY, HOBOKEN, N. J.

CHAPTER XVI.

We often read in novels and old romances where monks or nuns are introduced of the "Benedicite." The "Benedicite" is a peculiar form in use among the monks for asking permissions of any sort. But although it is in use in all the orders, each order has a different way of carrying out the practice. The meaning of "Benedicite" is that the subject not only asks the superior's permission to do a certain thing, but also requests the special blessing of the superior on that particular act or permission. Hence, when a novice asks the master permission to wash his hands or face, he gets on his knees and says: "Benedicite, Rev. Father, to wash my hands." To the outside world this sort of language, besides appearing very mixed grammatically, is almost unintelligible. But the novice merely means to ask the master for permission to wash his hands, and further asks him to bless that commonplace act. For the same reason the novice asks for "Benedicite" to eat, drink and sleep, as well as for any other necessary act. The master is supposed by his permission to dispense a sacred blessing to the novices and their doings, so that whatever they perform after getting his "Benedicite" for it will be holy and pleasing in the sight of God. There is something in the "Benedicite" of a monastic superior akin to the blessing of the Pope which removes sin and the consequences of sin and relieves the happy recipient from the penalties of purgatory. A monk who obtains his superior's blessing for any action he undertakes is assured that he cannot sin in doing that action. It is sanctified and made holy by the superior's blessing. Even should a monk do what is criminal, according to ordinary standards, if his superior commands it and he blindly obeys, or even if he asks to do it himself and gets the superior's blessing upon his act, it will be good and right according to monastic doctrine. Obedience is the monk's great shibboleth, and the more blindly he obeys the more meritorious are his acts in the sight of God and the Church. It is only when the superior should so far overstep his authority as to command him to do something formally forbidden by the Decalogue that he is justified in not obeying. In all cases of doubt the subject must always give his superior the benefit of the doubt. Consequently the case would be a rare one, indeed, when a monk would hesitate to do what had been commanded or perpetrated by the superior's "Benedicite."

The novices naturally had to ask the "Benedicite" for a great many things which were granted in general to the professed monks. A novice could not wash his hands legitimately without asking "Benedicite." To leave his room outside of the limited time, to perform any trivial act not mentioned in his rules or regulations he was obliged to get on his knees and ask the superior's permission and blessing. While I was a novice and in charge of the garden I had to obtain a separate "Benedicite" for every time that I wanted to make a bouquet for the church, to water the plants

outside of the regular time or to wash my hands and feet after plodding about in the soil. We had to get on our knees and ask "Benedicite" for any book that we wished to read, or to write a letter or even to pray longer than the rules prescribed. We reached such a point before our novitiate was over that we would have been ready to ask a "Benedicite" for every breath of air we drew.

But the obligation of asking for the superior's "Benedicite" is continued to a great extent after the novitiate. All of the monks, young and old, must go to the rector's room on Friday morning and ask on their knees for the "Benedicite" and general permission of the week. This include our two daily meals, our coffee in the morning, the permission to wash ourselves and to comb the hair, and everything else for which a permission is supposed to be necessary. More than that, we had to ask "Benedicite" for every new article of clothing given us, such as a new habit, mantle or cap, and also whenever we went out of the monastery. The latter was a rule which all superiors with whom I had to deal enforced very strictly. I had to ask "Benedicite" to go out of the monastery even after I was ordained a priest, and it was only when I was sent to Buenos Ayres as director of students that I could now and then escape the obligation. It naturally becomes a mere formality, for even when a friar wanted to go out on mischief bent, he could easily do so by finding some pious pretext to visit some old widow in her sickness, or to thank a good benefactor for his latest gifts. The monk could obtain leave or "Benedicite" to go out of the monastery on the most holy pretext and still do as he pleased when out alone, visit his lady friends and spend the time in carousing to his heart's content.

I must acknowledge, however, that among the Passionists it was not usual for a superior to grant permission to the monks to go out alone unless they were already of a considerably advanced age and of approved standing. The rule was rigidly enforced that every monk should have a companion, a sort of guardian angel, when outside of the protection of the monastic walls. That there was good reason for this is plain, for I know of more than one monk who went out after obtaining "Benedicite" and who never returned. Some drifted into the great world and some got married. Experience teaches that a monk is human like any other man, and that years of austerity, of fasting, long and useless prayers and humiliating acts, such as dining on the floor and making lines with the tongue, do not make him more perfect than other men; and that if he falls in love, like other men, and has the chance to marry, he may be happy in a way different from that pointed out by the rules and regulations of his monastery. Still monastic superiors will not learn; they will insist on their antiquated practices as long as a monastery stands and make rules which a monk may defy for the good of his soul and body.

According to an old and venerable custom it is also against good monastic discipline to accept an invitation to dinner even when given by a pious friend of the monastery and a particular acquaintance of the monk. The practice of going to dinners would be interpreted as the sin of worldly feasting and might beget a desire in the friar for a better menu at home. Perhaps the argument is correct, for, after all, if a monk has left the

world, it should be for good and all. If he leaves home and family, father and mother, to shut himself up in a cloister, why should he afterwards make free with strangers—go to their feasts and banquets and enjoy the pleasures which in his youth he renounced? But, alas! human nature is inconsistent in this as in many other things; and the monks take advantage of this failing, in spite of the customs and laws to the contrary, find a way of going to dinners and parties, and return long after the clock has struck the midnight hour.

Of course such things are not easily permitted to the young and tender members. They do not even know for the most part what is going on or what are the occupations and amusements of the elder portion of the fraternity. The privileges come little by little, under one pretext or another, and it is only when the monk becomes a superior or an intimate friend of the superior that he can do as he pleases, even go to theatres and balls, and still remain in high esteem as a good and pious and holy friar.

The students, who are to all intents and purposes full fledged monks, are never allowed to go out of the house alone. There are stated occasions when they go out to walk, two by two, almost like convicts. On such walks they are carefully followed by an elder friar, generally by the director of students, and have little opportunity of doing mischief. They are still supposed to be in training for perfection, which they will reach later in life, as described in a previous chapter.

As for the novices, it is, of course, out of the question altogether for any of them to ask "Benedicite" to go out of the monastery for a walk by himself. The novice who should ask such permission would be sent away immediately as one who became prematurely wise. The novices are carefully kept within the sacred enclosure until their year of probation is over. The "Benedicite" they usually ask is to make a new pair of beads or a "discipline" for themselves. The recreation is usually the time when the novices are engaged at this holy work. As I have said before, the recreation seems to be designed as a means to punish and mortify the novices rather than an opportunity to give them a moment's relaxation. Consequently the whole time of the recreation is taken up with making pious articles of every description, such as beads of various kinds, caps, signs or emblems, and "disciplines."

When a new comer arrives in the monastery the master designates his particular work as one of the first things during recreation. The work assigned to me was that of making signs or the peculiar emblems worn by the Passionists on the breast. The same work was continued after I became a student, and for eight years I faithfully made those signs during the afternoon and evening recreation. This accounts for the strange fact that I never learned how to make disciplines or scourges. But they are, nevertheless, also made during the so called recreations. Two or three novices or students always have a handful of cords and twine and work industriously at their particular trade of making instruments with which the other monks are to flagellate themselves. I never liked to see a discipline or to have anything to do with making them, and that is why I never learned, though others seemed to take a positive pleasure in it. As for rosaries or beads, I made only a few of those, and never became an ex-

pert. I do not think that I lost much in not learning the art. It would certainly not help now to keep me alive even if I had a special genius for rosary making.

I must here do honor to a good man who was my superior for four years while I was a student. He never troubled us much about our work during recreation. His principle was to give every one free scope to develop his own genius for doing something or nothing. We were comparatively happy under the mild sway of that superior, and I am sure that he lost nothing by his kindness towards those who were afterwards to be his equals. It is also an evidence that in monastic affairs as well as in others, a great deal depends upon the character of the individual. Hitherto, among the Passionists at least, Italian influence has been paramount in the Order, as the founder was of that nationality. Italians invented most of the hardships and ridiculous observances, and it may fall to the lot of Americans to gradually abolish the absurd practices invented by the sons of sunny Italy, and which do not accord with the genius and climate of this country.

The superior to whom I have referred disregarded the rules in many respects for the better. When I became director of students myself I could not bear the idea of enforcing certain petty and ridiculous observances, and the students were free under my sway at least to act like reasonable beings. In many things I relieved them from the necessity of asking "Benedicite;" and as for making devotional or penitential articles during recreation, I permitted each one to suit himself. Recreation, after all, was supposed to be a time for enjoyment and rest, and if a custom interfered with the freedom of the recreation the practice was bad; hence I did not care to compel students to make during recreation instruments of torture with which they were afterwards supposed to beat their naked bodies. The time also came when I thought it shameful to bless such things, and I preferred not to have students ask me "Benedicite" for anything. The "Benedicite" which I would like to give them all now is to leave their silly practices, sell out the monasteries and live like respectable citizens in the world. I hope the day will yet come when such a "Benedicite" will be asked and given.

CHAPTER XVII.

There is one observance in the monasteries to which I belonged which has dreary and weird recollections for me. It was getting up in the morning for matins. Few people will be able to realize what is meant by that. Matins, in the Roman Catholic Church, signifies a series of nine psalms and nine lessons arranged according to feasts and seasons of the year, followed by seven other psalms, called Lauds and which all the clergy in holy orders have to recite every day of the year. The secular clergy can rattle through the whole programme in twenty minutes or half an hour, as there is practically no limit to the time required for saying these prayers except the individual clergyman's ability to pronounce Latin rapidly. The psalms, lessons and responses are, of course, all in Latin, and it would be a mortal sin to recite them in any other language.

The monks, however, do not merely recite these psalms; the founder of the Passionists, like many another crazy founder before him, decided

that it was better to chant them, and to employ an hour and a half in doing what might be done in half an hour. This is the origin of matins chanted by the monks shortly a'ter midnight. Among the Passionists the rule was to rise at half past one in winter, and at two o'clock in summer, proceed hurriedly to the choir and chant matins till three, or half past three, according to the season. That rising for midnight prayers is the most weird and somnolent thing I can recall of my monastic life. Suddenly our dreams would be interrupted by the sounding of the midnight call; friars would be heard rattling their sandals as they went along through the corridor to the choir; in a moment more a dull woeful chant would be heard from the direction of the chapel, and matins would be in full swing. The sound might wake the dead from the grave, still the friars must observe their rules and keep up the dreary chant.

Matins is a very important observance and deserves an exhaustive description. A visitor to the monastery may perceive a large clock somewhere in a niche in the corridor. Under that clock will be seen a curious instrument, a rattle, made out of a common piece of board with a swinging piece of iron on both sides. If you take up this rattle and give it a few turns with your hand the clapping of the loose irons on the board will make a noise sufficient to startle an ancestor in his grave. The lay brother usually makes the rattle, and one may last for years. Shortly after one o'clock at night a big alarm will go off by the action of the clock, a novice or student will rush in an instant out of his cell, seize the rattle and commence shaking it as if the salvation of his soul depended upon that operation. He will walk to one end of the corridor and then back to another, turn into any little side lane or corner where there may be additional cells and keep swinging and shaking that rattle industriously as he walks or hurries along. The one who rings the rattle seldom takes time to strap his sandals or to button his belt before he grabs the instrument of torture and goes on his noisy promenade. It is only after he has made his first turn down the corridors that he stops and buttons his belt and straps his sandals. Sleep as a rule still hangs on his eyelids, and in the dim light he scarcely notices his brethren who now begin to move out of their cells. In a minute more he makes a second round through the corridor and rattles as loud as before, waking up every human being sheltered in the monastery. A minute after he has finished his second round he takes up the rattle a third time, and clattering, banging louder than before, shaking the rattle more vigorously for the final call he again goes the round of the corridors, making sure that everyone shall be awake before he has completed his task. Such is the rattle that calls the brethren to the choir after midnight. The sound is something indescribable, solemn, ear splitting and crashing, for the intention is to wake up every living thing in the monastery. To the new comer the sound is terrorizing in its effects, especially if he has not been previously warned. Strangers have been known to rush out of their rooms on hearing it, inquiring if the devil and his angels always turn out that way, or if the day of judgment had arrived. They cannot help being bewildered when told that this is the way the monks are summoned at midnight to say their prayers.

Meanwhile many a monk wishes that someone else were in his place to

go through this perfunctory process of noisy prayer. From the various cells come groans and yawning noises from friars who feel about in the dark for their sandals, caps and belts, while others, younger and more fervent, rush out with everything loose about them, fastening their habits as they hurry to the choir. At the third rattle the last stragglers and sluggards come out of their cells; brother John has only one eye open; brother Francis cannot find the button of his belt; brother Andrew has his mantle inside out; brother James runs against brother Clement and both give a grunt and slowly find their way to the choir. They enter just as the superior intones the invitatory "*Domine, labia mea aperies*" (Lord thou shalt open my lips). Many a friar opens his lips with his eyes shut and joins in the singing with an undertone resembling a grumble more than a chant.

Sometimes a lazy friar enters the choir late after the singing has already been in progress for a few minutes. He must then kneel in the middle of the choir and recite three "*Hail Mary's*" as a penalty for coming late. If he enters after the invitatory has been sung he must kneel down and say five "*Our Fathers*" with his hands and arms extended in the presence of the whole community; and on the following day he must say "*Culpa*" for coming late to matins. The chanting, as may well be imagined, is not very musical. The monks never modulate the voice, and the melody, if there be any, is supposed to be strict monotone. The superior or leader intones a psalm on the note G, or somewhere in that neighborhood, and the rest take it up. They are supposoed to keep the same note to the end of the psalm, but at the very first verse a struggle usually begins between the younger voices and the seniors. The latter invariably drawl and drag the tune down while the former try hard to keep it up or raise it. At the end the senior voices generally win and the tune finishes somewhere on D or C. The chant is wearisome, monotonous, drawling and uninspiring. It is in reality nothing but a continued bawl from the guttural abysses of the monks, the seniors and juniors being in everlasting conflict and adding discord to monotony. The choir for the purposes of chanting is divided off into two portions, those on the right and those on the left. They chant thus alternately, each side getting a momentary rest while the other is chanting.

Happily the singing is not uninterrupted during the whole time. After every third psalm the choir sits down and one of the number reads three lessons in a drowsy, droning tone, to which it is hard to pay attention. It happens not infrequently that some friars fall asleep during this soothing interval, lulled to rest by the slow, humdrum voice of the reader, and awaken only at the call of the superior or when the rest resume the chanting. If too much sleeping is going on the superior may rap the lectern and call the guilty ones to order, threatening them with various penalties if they fail to keep awake. I often pitied my fellow friars when I saw them nodding their heads in sleepy assent to the reading, hardly able to keep their eyes open and appearing as if they wished they had never been born. I could well pity them, for I was myself at times overcome by sleep, and just as I was on the borderland of an ecstatic slumber some one would wake me or the superior would call me back to my supposed duty.

On the whole, however, I had not much difficulty in keeping awake in the choir. I had a fairly strong voice and a good deal of the chanting on my side depended on myself. Where I suffered was in the first awakening. For many years I was entirely deaf to the sounds of the midnight rattle. The difficulty of awakening me became so great that it required two friars to stir me out of my sleep. For that reason I was for several years always late in the choir and had to say my three "Hail Mary's" and sometimes the five "Our Fathers" and "Culpa." However, one gets used to everything, and taken all in all, I was not the worst offender among the sleepers. At least after I awoke I was able to remain awake, whereas some only seemed to transfer their place of rest from the bed in their room to their seat in the choir.

On certain solemn feasts we would have what is called solemn matins. Matins, one might think, were dismal enough every night, but on those extra occasions they were made extra solemn by chanting the invitatory and other parts to some psalm tune accompanied by the organ. There is always a little parlor organ in the recreation room, and that is dragged into the choir the evening before a great feast to serve as an accompaniment to the singing. A solemn matins was a little more entertaining than an ordinary one, inasmuch as there is a greater effort on the part of the friars to keep awake and the clashing between the different voices in trying to sing a regular tune became more varied. A solemn matins was, therefore, a rather pleasing novelty; it broke the monotony of the usual midnight croaking, and was not so wearisome for other reasons. We also knew that on the following day we would have an extra good dinner with three courses and perhaps some select wines, and it made us feel happy in anticipation of the festivity. It is no use to deny that such carnal considerations are very potent factors in producing human happiness; especially is it the case in regard to the poor friars who have to get up at such unconventional hours to sing their prayers. For that reason the friars also wished that instead of having a solemn feast only once a month there might be one every week.

But hard as the chanting was at matins, it was not the most burdensome thing in the estimation of the monks. According to the rules we were obliged to remain in the choir for one hour and a half. The chanting usually took only about an hour and ten minutes, and sometimes even less when there was a short matins. Then to make up for the remainder of the time we had to kneel down to meditate or pray in silence. The twenty minutes or half hour so spent were most wearisome. It was a constant struggle to keep the eyes open. Many would fall asleep only to be rudely awakened by their neighbor or the superior. One friar was not allowed to let another sleep, and we therefore had to keep awake, though we could at times hardly hold up our heads. Some friars, however, seemed to have discovered the secret of sleeping with their heads and bodies erect, and they were not molested. They looked in that condition like veritable statues of sleep, and it would have been a pity to wake them. It is even said that some friars learn the secret of sleeping with their eyes open, and a specimen was once pointed out to me in Cincinnati.

Cowardly Roman Bishops.

Archbishop Ireland will crow very loudly when he returns from Europe this month; but while he is strutting around the politicians and reporters, it should be remembered that he was very humble and even cowardly in his attitude to the Pope in Rome last spring. He prostrated himself before him and said he did not mean anything in particular by his attempts to "Americanize" the Roman Church. Had he done otherwise the same disaster awaited him that befel the late Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland, Ohio, who, when some of his priests appealed to Rome against him, wrote a letter to Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati in which he said:

"I haven't a particle of confidence in Rome's consistency, either in law or in interpretation. This may be severe, but it is the result of a very wide observation. I am further convinced Rome is in the hands of the religious, and the disintegrated and isolated action of individual bishops can effect nothing. Bishops are treated like sophomores; and laws are only made to be explained away by underlings. One thing is certain: I have written little to Rome, and I will write less. I will do my duty and go up or down, as the case may be, with my ship. Lack of unity among the bishops is the cause of the weakness. I thank you most sincerely for what you have written *in re* Quigley and Primeau. I hate to write the first word on the matter to Rome, but in time I will write, and when I write I will be read. After all Rome must learn there is somebody else to be consulted than Quigley, and that a bishop is not a child nor a poodle. I know what I am about as well as Rome; also as earnest for the weal of religion and as loyal to the Church as Rome. If Rome chooses not to consult with me, I will consult myself; but Rome will quit kicking me fur-

ther as she has lately done. Pardon the above; it got out of my pen as I run, and I send it that you may see the state of my mind. R. GILMOUR,

"Bishop of Cleveland."

This letter was kept secret until its authenticity was proved at the trial of the case of the priest John B. Primeau against Bishop Gilmour in Toledo, Ohio, in April 1889. But it was not published until October, 1890, when the editor of the *Catholic Knight* found it in the court records. Then Bishop Gilmour in fear and trembling at the wrath of Rome published in his official organ, the *Cleveland Catholic Universe*, the following card "To the Public:"

"Last week the 'Catholic' *Knight* published a copy of a private and confidential letter written by me to the archbishop of Cincinnati and by an oversight read in the Court of Common Pleas, Toledo, Ohio.

"The court stenographer, James E. Emery, pledged his word that no one would ever get a copy of said letter from his notes, and the court forbade its use in the suit before the court.

"To prevent as much as possible the evil intended by the publication of this letter through the malice of Joseph J. Greeves and his clique of clerical counselors and backers, I hereby and by these presents withdraw every word in said letter of apparent disrespect to Rome and every word that could be construed as a doubt of Rome.

"The above is *proprio motu*.

"† RICHARD GILMOUR,
"Bishop of Cleveland.

"Cleveland, Oct. 16, 1890."

Notwithstanding this abject apology and submission to Rome, Bishop Gilmour was quietly suspended and ordered to take a long vacation. He died a few months later. By "religious" he meant the Jesuits. Archbishop Ireland does not covet such a fate.